

# Ella Wheeler Wilcox

—ON—

Indiscretions—Young Girls Who Write Foolish Letters to Men Must Not Be Surprised to Learn That They Are Not Respected by These Men.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

WHEN foolish young girls write letters to young men asking them to call, or trying to make appointments, or to begin a correspondence, they must not be surprised if these letters are seen by eyes for which they are not intended.

Young men do not respect girls who make advances to them.

They do not respect girls who call them on the telephone, or who write unsolicited letters, or who try to attract their attention in any way. They may respond to such advances, but they feel only pity or contempt in their secret hearts for such girls.

Here is a portion of a letter sent by a girl of 17 to a man she never saw. She explains that she obtained his address from a letter he wrote to a little girl of nine, regarding some Christmas gift. She says: "So I take the advantage of writing to you. But if you see any of my friends or relatives please don't mention my letter."

"I am five feet four inches tall, weigh 125 pounds, have hazel brown hair and blue eyes. I have been attending high school, but am at home now, taking music lessons. I will be 17 on my birthday. I attend the Methodist church. Please do not forget the secret; do not mention my name. Hoping to hear from you soon as possible. Respectfully yours," Then follows her name and address.

Of course the parents of this child have no idea that she would be guilty of such an indiscretion.

But there is where the misfortune lies. The parents have not realized that their daughter is growing out of childhood into womanhood. That she is following the natural bent of all created beings, and thinking along romantic lines.

Every normal girl and youth of that age is romantic. The situation is distorted by parents, and the situation should be met as naturally as the teaching time is met previously.

Girls in this world write foolish things, as this girl did, simply because they have an excess of vitality and their brains are excited and their imagination unduly developed.

Given the right occupations, the right reading, the right diversions and the wise guidance they should have, at this time, they are saved from folly and indiscretion.

Social distractions under the care of older people, outdoor sports, dancing, music and nature studies in the open air would use the surplus energy of a girl like this, so that she would not be seeking a clandestine correspondence with a young man she had never seen.

Was Not Evilminded. There is nothing vicious in her letter; but the most lamentable consequence could be the result if the young man had been evilminded enough to lead her on to further follies.

When any girl feels tempted to write a letter, or communicate with a man secretly, and hide the matter from her parents, she is on the road which leads to folly, and more than possible shame.

No man respects such a girl. If he meets her advances and accedes to her wishes to enter into correspondence, he does so because he wants to see how foolish and silly she will be; and he is not her friend, but her worst enemy. Men always want to make the advances to a girl in their nature. And they hold in light esteem any woman of any age who utters this privilege.

Mothers, look after your young daughters. Talk to children of hidden pitfalls. Become their intimate friends and confidants. Talk to them on all these subjects; give them helpful and healthful occupations, and pleasures; give them the society of the opposite sex; guard them through the years of adolescence. It is not the girl with a sensible, wise, tender mother, who writes such a letter as the one quoted above.—Copyright, 1914, by Star Co.

Winning Him Back. By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"I AM a young girl and was deep in love with a fellow of whom I had reason to think very highly. Now, I had a dear friend. A year ago I introduced these two and he fell deeply in love with her, and left me at once after meeting her. They went about together for some time, but now they have separated. How can I win him back? I love him so dearly that I can't live without him," writes "L. A. T."

My dear girl, you have lived without him all the time he was showing attention to your girl friend, did you not? But now this young man's fickle fancy is again free and your foolish heart stirs with hope to revive his interest.

All in one year he transferred his heart from you to her and from her to goodness knows what passing interest. And now you write that you cannot live without him and want to "win" him back.

About the best piece of "winning" you ever did was when you lost him. Don't tempt Fortune to give him back to you that he may play fast and loose with your feelings again.

Why can't girls realize that a fickle lover who changes his affections with the seasons would make the same sort of unreliable, undependable husband? You have all seen the sufferings of deserted wives forced to wait for errant husbands to return from philandering.

How to Get Rid of Eczema. Your Blood Must Be Right if Skin is to Heal.

"Impurities Will Come Out Somewhere." Working "outwardly" through a myriad of very small blood vessels, the famous blood purifier S. S. S. brings to the skin new material for its regeneration. And these new materials keep up a flood of action they keep crowding off the scales or patches of eczema, new, smooth skin forms beneath, all destructive germs cease to withstand the constant, healthful influence of S. S. S. and the most baffling case of eczema just dries up and is gone forever. You can't cure eczema by smearing the skin; you can relieve the itch and burn but to cure it the blood must be right. There is no getting away from the fact.

Get a bottle of S. S. S. today of any druggist then write for a copy of "What the Mirror Tells" published by The Swift Specific Co., 115 Swift Bldg., Atlanta, Ga. For more detailed directions write the medical department as suggested in circular around the bottle of S. S. S. Avoid substitutes that may make you waste money on mineral drugs. S. S. S. is purely vegetable.

CLIMATE FAILED; MEDICINE EFFECTIVE. Sufferers from Tuberculosis often think that medicine will not help them. Fresh air, regular habits and good food aid in restoring health, but more is often needed. Many have been restored to health by Eckman's Alternative. Read this:

"Gentlemen—Through your instrumentality I have been saved from a premature grave. On December 14, 1904, I was taken with Typhoid Pneumonia, which developed into Tuberculosis (basilli were found). In February, 1905, I went to Fort Worth, Texas, and later to Canon City, Colorado. After being there two weeks my physician informed me that I was dying. I returned home, weighing 103 pounds, the doctor having given me no assurance of reaching there alive. On July 14, 1905, I began taking Eckman's Alternative. After a few days I began to feel better. I am now stout and well and can do any kind of work about my grain elevator." (Abbreviated.)

ARTHUR WEIR. Eckman's Alternative is most efficacious in bronchial catarrh and severe throat and lung affections and upbuilding the system. Contains no harmful or habit-forming drugs. Accept no substitutes. Sold by leading druggists. Write Eckman Laboratory, Philadelphia, Pa., for booklet of recoveries.

Gilly & Pollard, Knoblauch Drug People's Drug Store.—Advertisement.

By LA MACONTEUSE. A case of "Crane" (chink) velvetine, shaped and trimmed with a wide square collar of "Vanilla" moire.

SAN JOSE GIRL HELD FOR THE DEATH OF MURDERER FRIEND. Reno, Nev., July 15.—After receiving the report of experts concerning the examination of the body of Mrs. Catharine Blissett, who died in Auburn, Cal., January 14 and was buried here two days later, the district attorney here was Tuesday advised by District Attorney Clark of Placer county, California, that warrants had been issued for the arrest of Miss E. J. Rhinehart of San Jose.

Mrs. Blissett was said to have died from burns caused by an overturned oil stove, but the body showed only superficial burns on the limbs. The experts, including Dr. David Stafford of San Francisco, are working on the theory that the woman was poisoned.

# In the Web of Life

By Virginia Terhune Van De Water

I spoke well for the breeding of Edith Hale and Constance Medford that while they sat at inchoon with Mrs. Hale the elderly woman did not suspect that any alteration had occurred between the two girls. The youth remarked that she thought she would go into town to do a little shopping.

"There are several things I need," she observed, "and this is no good a time as any to get them, for I happen to have no engagement for this afternoon. I shall go to father's office and come out on the train with him."

She glanced at Constance as she said this. The old girl knew that she now have an opportunity to tell her father of Ralph's indiscretion. The sudden qualm that assailed Constance was quickly replaced by a feeling of security in the wisdom of her uncle's judgment and she knew that the orphan girl to whom he had been so kind. He, John Hale, would not believe anything against his wife's word unless he heard something from Constance's own lips that would disappoint him in his present faith in her. Could Edith really believe Ralph's words? Yet she knew that the man would tell such a plausible story that it would be hard for the most judicial mind to discredit it.

What could she do, she, a solitary girl—to protect herself against the calumny of a designing man? It did not do any good if she were to have a frank talk with him, were to ask him why he hated her? Yet even as she pondered she knew that the reason he hated her was because she saw through his subtleties, because she was Tom Morton's friend and advocate and because Edith and her power were at present the aim of Ralph's existence. He would do his best to ruin Tom Morton in the eyes of Edith's parents if by thus doing he could strengthen his own standing in the family and banish Tom from the circle of their acquaintance.

In the Dark. Once more in her own room with time to think, Constance Medford appreciated keenly the loneliness of her position. Yet what she did not appreciate was the feeling of distrust and writhing resentment that had taken possession of Edith. It was the first time in John Hale's spoiled life that he had been suspected of a crime.

He had occasion to suspect that a person courted her for any reason except to win the friendship or affection of her attractive self. Edith, who had loved her—that the cousin who had petted and indulged her should have seemed to sacrifice her to their desire for her money—in fact, should have formed a vile conspiracy against her, had charged all the sweetness in her nature into the gall of bitterness. A vain woman cannot forgive such a blow to her vanity and pride.

But this Constance did not know. Therefore when a light tap sounded on her door, she said, "Come in" with no premonition of the pain that awaited her. To her surprise, her cousin entered, dressed for her trip to town.

"Excuse me for intruding," Edith said coldly, "but I happened to notice when I was in here this noon that you had been working on that blouse which you are embroidering for me. I just stopped in now to ask you not to trouble to finish it. I would rather not have it."

Look Before You Leap. A Few Suggestions for the Benefit of the Man or Woman on the Safe Side of the Altar.

By DOROTHY DIX. In a recent article upon the perils of matrimony I wrote these lines: "The only way to be happy, though married, is to look before you leap, instead of crying, when it's too late, over the bump you got."

Would Like to Know How. A man writes, apropos of that opinion, that he will give a large, handsome chromo to anybody who can finish any fancy dicates. Make him give for reinstatement in your affections. And if, being a tender hearted woman, you must grant forgiveness, don't pray you—capitulate too soon! Hold the fort of dignity as long as you can. Be passive.

Instead of winning him back, make him long to win you! Matrimony doesn't change the character of men and women. It merely brings out what is strongest in them. It turns good men and women into angels, and it converts bad men and women into devils, and this being the case it doesn't take any shock of lightning to give a pretty good guess at the kind of a husband or wife any particular maid or bachelor will make. You have to observe his or her most predominant traits and multiply them by the common happenings of life.

Take, for instance, the youth who is a lounge and a barroom loafer, who hangs about poolrooms and saloons and who has never done an honest day's work in his life, and who sponges on his old parents for a living. Can any girl give him the once over without perceiving that he will make the sort of a husband who will always be too tired to work, and whose wife will have to take in boarders to support him?

Take the drunkard. Does it require a prophetic soul in a woman to surmise that the man who has found succor for his worries in drink before marriage is going to drown his troubles in liquor after marriage, when the day comes when the baby has the colic, and the rent is overdue, and the wife is sick and peevish, and when instead of matrimony being a glad, sweet song, it is one grand howl?

Single Man. Single Will Be a Stingy Man Married. Take the man who is stingy. A girl with eyes in her head ought to be able to see whether a man has a Yale lock on his pocketbook just as well before she is married to him as afterward. The man who is stingy is a miserly person who invariably buys the cheapest seats in the theater and takes a girl to the least expensive restaurant and whose whole talk is of money, given her ample warning that he is going to make a tightwad husband.

The man who has high temper, and who is always getting snuffed about something, and who goes into jealous rages every time a girl is civil to any other man, could not be a good husband. If he shouted it through a megaphone, that he would make an unjust, cruel and suspicious husband, that would make his wife wish she were dead every day she lived with him.

Easy to See the Embryonic Tyrant. And the man who looks upon women with contempt, who sneers at them, and who believes that a woman should be nothing but a household slave. Can any woman be fool enough to marry a man like that and not know that she will get a husband who will be a grinding tyrant to her?

And the test to apply to women are equally obvious. Take the little silly, fluffly-haired girl who babbles like an infant. Can any man listen to her for five minutes and not know that he who marries her will get a fool for a wife, and one who will bore him stiff when her girlish beauty has vanished?

Take the girl who is the daughter of a poor man, yet who is always dressed like a fashion plate. Does it take any wonderful power of deduction for a man to reason it out that the girl whose whole soul is set on dress, and who is selfish enough to sacrifice her old father to gratify her love of finery, will offer up her husband on the same altar?

Take the girl who is noted for her cutting and sarcastic speeches. Does it take any power of deduction to surmise that her husband will be the victim of her tongue-lashing?

Take a girl who is filled with ambition and mad of a career, and who has already fought her way to her first success. Has her husband any right to complain if she is not satisfied to settle down into domesticity?

Take a girl who is intelligent, and sweet tempered. Doesn't it follow logically and inevitably that she will meet the trials and tribulations of married life with good sense and good temper? Of course miracles do happen. Occasionally a bad man reforms and a good woman goes wrong. A neurotic gets well and a healthy person becomes an invalid.

Miracles Do Not Happen Often. But these things do not happen often. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred what a man or woman were before marriage they are after marriage, only more so.

It is possible, even easy, to look before you leap, and tell whether marriage will land you in heaven or the other place.

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A trial size and an interesting booklet will be sent upon receipt of 10 cents, or we will fill your orders direct if your druggist insists upon substituting.

Insist on "Brownstone" at your hairdresser's.

Made only by the Kenton Pharmacal Co., 554 E. Pike St., Covington, Ky. For sale at all druggists. R. E. & F. Pollard, distributors.—Advertisement.

A hurt that was almost like a physical pain made Constance draw in her breath sharply. She replied at once, however, and in a natural tone.

"That must be as you wish," she said. "It has been a pleasure to me to do this little bit of sewing for you. You know I selected the shade of pink that you like best, and I have made the blouse especially for you. It has been a labor of love, Edith."

"Scarcely that," said the younger girl. "I have no wish to discuss a painful matter with you, Constance. But you must understand that as I am engaged to a man whom you wish to injure I can hardly accept a scalloped love token from you. I am sure you remind me that you selected this material and did the work for me. I do not want to put you to any less. Therefore, and perfectly willing to buy the waist from you."

Constance flushed darkly and an angry glow sprang to her eyes. She closed the door and putting her back against it, faced the sneering girl.

A Debt. "See here," she said slowly, and in a tone that did not sound like her own, so hard and cold was her voice. "You do not wish to talk over a painful matter, but you do not hesitate to say things that I insist you shall expect me to do. And you shall not leave this room until you tell me what you mean."

Edith threw her head back defiantly. "So that is your idea, is it?" she said. "I did not intend to say more, yet you drive me to it. You really wish to know why I mean?"

"I do!" Constance challenged in her turn.

Edith Hale let her last hold in her self control go. Her whole frame seemed to radiate the rage that possessed her.

"Very well! Then you have your-self to blame, not me, if you face the truth. I learned today that Tom Morton wanted to marry me for my money. I am added as she said the words, 'and that as you and he are intimate, you were to help him win me. Yes, as Constance grew deadly pale and almost back in horror, it sounded pretty bad to you, doesn't it? Think how it sounded to me who have trusted you! And to accomplish your ends you have tried to poison my mind against the man who loves me for myself only. Can you deny that you would not assist my father?"

She paused, but as Constance did not answer immediately, hurried on. "Your silence gives consent," she accused. "Dare you deny that you have shown a distrust in Ralph, that you have tried to convince me of Tom's goodness and to bring about my marriage with him? Dare you deny that, and he have?"

She stopped, appalled for the instant at the look on her cousin's face. Before she could make another accusation Constance flung the door wide open and pointed to it, her eyes flashing, her lips twitching.

"Kindly leave this room at once!" she ordered in a low, tense voice. "I am not going to discuss this matter with you. I am going to the hall, but in the doorway turned to send back a Partisan arrow."

"You will please remember," she sneered, "that this is one of my father's rooms you are ordering his daughter out of."

But the white faced girl, staring blankly at her, seemed too much dazed to reply.

(To Be Continued.)

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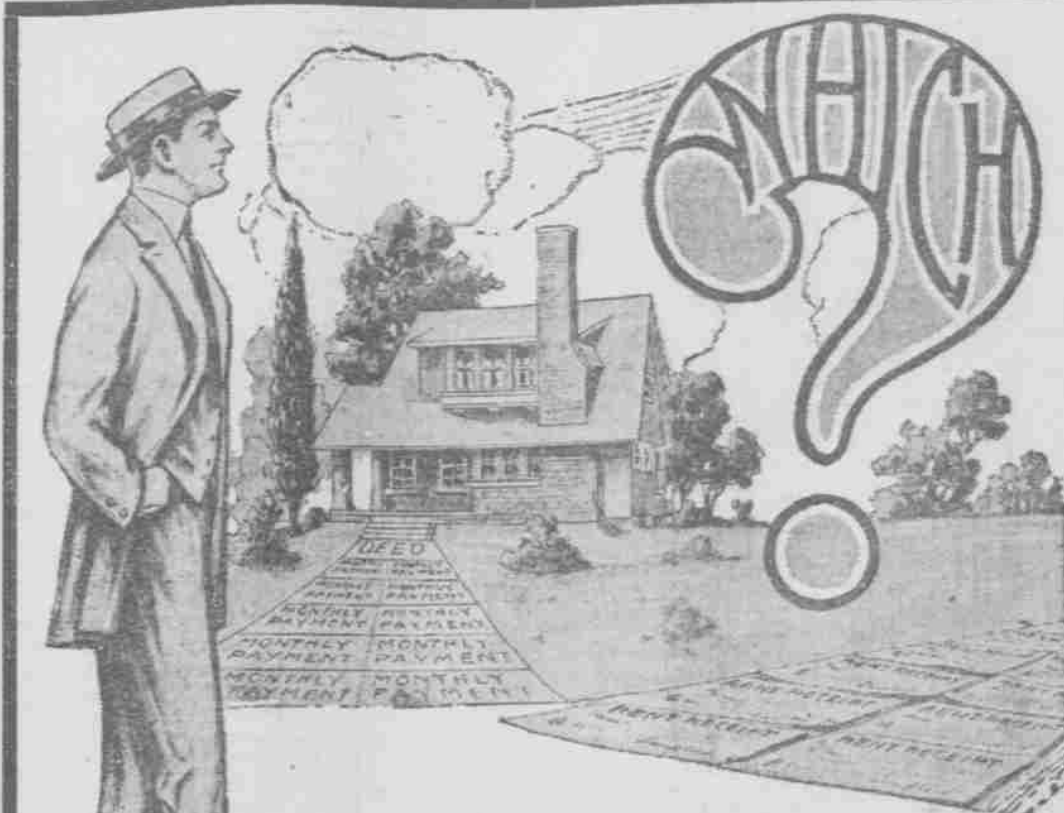
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